World Geography

Migration Poem

Angie Kim



Through the highway

Through the roads

Hoping, wishing to remember what I’ll soon forget

Through the gate

Through the securities

Passing, bumping into people that I’ve never seen

Through the lines

Through the check-up

Crying, sobbing for my dad to come with me

Through the shops

Through the duty frees

Reminiscing, loving the memories I’ll soon lose

Through the highway

Through the roads

Through the gate

Through the securities

Through the lines

Through the check-up

Through the shops

Through the duty frees

Through the aisle

Through the seats

Sitting, waiting, for the rough trip to begin